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WAR REMINISCENCES OF CONFEDERACY'S DAUGHTERS

Experiences of Prominent Southern Women in the Civil War Told by Themselves—The Los Angeles Convention of the U. D. C. That Opens To-Morrow—Some Sideights on History.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

The twelfth annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is to be held in Los Angeles, Oct. 4, 5, 6, and 7. Texas and New York will also be represented in that gathering. The delegation numbers 2,000 members, who come from twenty-five different States. The objects of the association are historical, educational, memorial, benevolent and social. Mrs. Asa G. Smythe of South Carolina is the president.

Many members of this body, as well as outsiders interested in the individual and national history of the South, will with pleasure the following war tales told by prominent Southern women:

Two Southern women are known to have told their stories of the Civil War. Mrs. John B. Gordon of Georgia and Mrs. Roger A. Pryor of Virginia. These wives of Confederate Generals were within the scenes of every battle in which their husbands fought.

Mrs. Pryor in 1861 had just returned from the brilliancy of Washington, which she had enjoyed as a Representative's wife. Returning to Virginia, she took up her life as a widow, camp生活, a folding mattress of straw, which covered her following her husband's flight, a small boy beside her, and a large, barge-like carriage, larger baggage being left at some point on the railroad. In that rockaway, with her twelve-year-old boy beside her, of the sum of which soldiers are made.

With a Wounded Husband in the Field.

BY MRS. JOHN B. GORDON.

No sooner was the war declared than I decided to go with my husband to the battlefield.

How did I manage it? Why, very simply. I traveled in a rockaway—as those great, simple, open-top vehicles were called in those days. All the roads led to Winchester, a long nine-and-a-half-mile ride for a sick man suffering from the battle wounds he had received in the first skirmish and a maiming.

The physician, the nurse, a detailed soldier and I took our places with the patient in the wagon, and our little party by chance met a general on the road, who stopped to take him up in his carriage. I was so glad to have him stop, and I was even more so when he said, "Come in," and General Gordon's own voice, in a tone so weary that I at once knew he was ill, spoke to me. He stopped the carriage and said my heart misgave me I should never have known him. Swelling had come from that terrible wound in his chest, and he lay there, his eyes almost closed, his hands clasped, one eye closed entirely, the other almost closed, his mouth drawn down on one side, and the wrinkles of his face as big as four faces. His leg was bandaged from the two wounds above and below the knee. One arm was broken from a fall, and the other was fastened to the shoulder. I crept to his side and he lifted his right hand.

"How glad I was to hear these words!

That friend accompanied me to the house where my husband lay in the room with a fellow officer.

"He must be very quiet; I doubt if you should see him," said the surgeon whom we met. "He is very weak." After this we stopped at a house, and the room was darkened and screened.

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